

Iron County Register

By Eli D. Ake.

IRONTON, MISSOURI

This is a merry old world, after all. We all belong now to the class of 1910.

Conserve also the coal you have in the basement.

Edward is in a fair way to become uncle to all the kingdoms of Europe.

Chicago policemen are shooting much straighter than they formerly did.

A short-weight coal firm has been fined \$100. Even giving short weight is not all profit.

This is the season when the Mississippi levees must brace themselves for any emergency.

Stovaine may yet be relegated for use only on the patient's pocket while he pays the doctor's bill.

The poultry show is a good thing, provided it doesn't keep the hen away from her duties too long.

That man who was robbed of \$100 just before his wedding was caught at a most inopportune time.

Five suspected crooks have been shot to death in Chicago this season. Prudent crooks will avoid being suspected.

Incendiaries tried to burn down an engine house in a New York suburb. This was certainly adding insult to injury.

Something apparently has disgruntled the weather man this year, if one looks at the style of weather he has been giving us since it began.

Acetylene torches for use in dense fog have been supplied to the Parisian police stations. It would seem that the London police would need them more.

Edison believes that the time is coming when laborers will live as capitalists. This will balance things, as modern capitalists work as hard as laborers.

The French submarine that dived under a sinking boat and held it up while the crew was rescued is the first that really practical use has been made of.

The governor of New York calls for stringent automobile laws. They will have to have them if the metropolis is to continue to lead in the population of world cities.

In some localities, it is said, the farmers are becoming so careless with their motor cars that a town man is almost afraid to drive his horse out into the country.

Chicago man in the business says the customer who asks for strictly fresh eggs gets charged more and that's all he does get. Queer no one ever thought of this before!

Kermitt Roosevelt shot three bongoes, whatever they are, and his father has not bagged any. Seems to us that comes pretty near being an exaggerated case of less majesty.

The best preparation for a woman who contemplates marrying a man to reform him is to take in washing for a year. If she likes that sort of thing she can then set the day.

The metropolis has received a bitter body blow. The wife of a prominent British public man has fled from the noise of London to seek rest in such a quiet, sleepy place as she takes New York to be. How Chicago will chuckle and Boston beam!

A prize for one of the best papers on "How Can Clean and Wholesome Milk be Purchased at Least Cost for the New York Market?" offered by the health board of New York city has been awarded to a man who has for several years been an inmate of the State Hospital for the Insane at Middletown, N. Y., and the officials are wondering where the laugh comes in.

A watchful observer has discovered that there is "a straight and slender tail trailing behind the nucleus of Halley's comet." This is as it should be. No well-regulated comet appears in public without such an appendage, and as the original Halley visitor was known to have one the latest discovery appears to be a guarantee of good faith.

The year begins in Europe with some of the disastrous experiences of 1909 lapping over. The storms which have prevailed there recently resulted in floods which have caused widespread devastation. Eastern Roumelia is reported to have been an especial sufferer, many persons being drowned, while losses in crops and livestock are particularly heavy. The region affected is dependent chiefly on agriculture, and the people being poor the blow falls heavily.

Boston had an icy tidal wave. It has popularly been supposed that any attempt to bring added coldness to the center of intellect was like carrying coals to Newcastle, but the weather man succeeded in the trick.

Every now and then the news of the day contains the account of some person being burned to death while smoking in bed. The moral of such "accidents" and all like them in that disaster is generally one of the promptest things in the world to come to one when deliberately invited.

The assassination of four prominent officials in far and near eastern countries in a single day may induce grateful reflection in the minds of our public men who are only roasted in the opposition organs.

North Dakota is going back to the old-fashioned spelling bees in the district schools to teach the children how to spell. After all, any system is best judged by its results, and the spelling of the present day does not give startling testimony in favor of the educational fads.

LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD and the WOMEN WHO MOLDED HIM



SARAH BUSH LINCOLN



MRS. LUCY SPEED



THE EARLIEST PHOTOGRAPH OF LINCOLN

reading every book he could find. Later he engaged in storekeeping with a partner, but he was not cast for a mercantile career.

When he first was elected to the Illinois state legislature in 1834 he met and fell in love with pretty, auburn-haired Anne Rutledge, daughter of the owner of the tavern in which he lived. His passion seemed hopeless, for the maid of 17 was pledged to a young man from New York. Yet Lin-

coln loved and waited, even when his suit appeared entirely hopeless. Finally the lover went away, promising to come back. Lincoln remained a stanch, true friend. After a while it became apparent that the New Yorker had deserted his fiancée.

Then Lincoln offered the girl his heart and it eventually was accepted. But Lincoln's happiness was short-lived. Anne Rutledge sickened and died. Lincoln was inconsolable.

Following this bereavement he plunged into politics and statecraft and built the foundation for his later life. During this period he met Mary S. Owens. He wrote love letters to her, but later on frankly told her that, while he was willing to keep his engagement with her, it were better for her own sake that she should not hold him. She accepted his honest explanation and his second romance withered and died.

Still another woman who was instrumental in framing Lincoln's strong and impressive character was Lucy Glimmer Speed. Her husband owned the tavern at Springfield, whither Lincoln rode when the capital was changed from New Salem. Lincoln became their guest and throughout his remaining life numbered them as his stanchest friends. He often desecrated on the sound counsel and sisterly care bestowed upon him by Mrs. Speed.

Although he became at this time one of the foremost statesmen of Illinois, his previous experience caused him to doubt his own heart. He became engaged to Mary Todd. After a brief period, doubting his love, he broke the engagement. It even has been charged that he deserted her when she was attired for the wedding. To his bosom friends, Joshua F. and Lucy Speed, Lincoln described the parting:

"When I told Mary I did not love her," he said, "she burst into tears, and almost springing from her chair and wringing her hands, as if in agony, said something about the deceiver being himself deceived. To tell you the truth, it was too much for me. I found the tears trickling down my own cheeks. I caught her in my arms and kissed her."

So great was Lincoln's remorse that he was watched by his friends lest he commit suicide. Here again came in the sound influence of Mrs. Speed. She and her husband



HOUSE IN WHICH LINCOLN WAS BORN

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NOT WHAT HE HAD PICTURED

Athletic Girl Hardly the Domestic Jewel That Fond Fancy Had Pictured.

Not long ago a man married an athletic girl, thinking how fine it would be to have a wife who would be able to wait on herself and build the fires, if necessary, and keep the dust demon on the jump without bringing on an acute attack of nervous prostration. Said he to himself: "A girl who swims and rows and plays a rattling good game of tennis, not to speak of her fondness for walking and driving, is sure to be a domestic jewel. If we happen to be without a servant, she can keep the household machinery humming." Somebody must have told that girl she was marrying a man with money. Anyhow, she hasn't been able to dress herself without the assistance of a maid, and the only time she has ever had the broom in her hands was one day when she picked it up to hit the cat with. If she'd clean house for as much as half an hour she'd have to go away to some fashionable springs to recuperate. And yet, to look at her, you wouldn't think she was so delicate.—Exchange.

Young America.

The H's lived in the country, kept chickens and lived the simple life. One of their daily diversions was to sit on the front veranda and watch the sunset and Roberts, aged four, sat and watched with them, but it was a rather tedious as well as solemn occasion for her and one day, after watching in silence for quite a while, an explanation of the whole thing suddenly dawned upon her and with the delighted enthusiasm of a discoverer she exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, I know now why it takes the sun so long to set. It has to hatch out so many little stars!"—Los Angeles Times.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running ear and imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; since cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness caused by Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free. Sold by Druggists. J. C. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Loved to Death.

"Did you ever know a girl to die for love?" "Yes." "Did she just fade away and die because some man deserted her?" "No; she just took in washing and worked herself to death because the man she loved married her."

Cheating the Law.

Man on Shore—I'm going ter have you arrested when you come over thar! "To—he! I ain't coming out—I'm committing suicide!" (Sinks with a bubbling grin.)—Life.



Sloan's Liniment is the best remedy for sprains and bruises. It quiets the pain at once, and can be applied to the tenderest part without hurting because it doesn't need to be rubbed—all you have to do is to lay it on lightly. It is a powerful preparation and penetrates instantly—relieves any inflammation and congestion, and reduces the swelling.

Here's the Proof. Mr. L. ROLAND, Bishop, Scranton, Pa., says:—"On the 7th of this present month, as I was leaving the building at noon for lunch, I slipped and fell, spraining my wrist. I returned in the afternoon, and at four o'clock I could not hold a pencil in my hand. I returned home later and purchased a bottle of Sloan's Liniment."

Sloan's Liniment

and used it five or six times before I went to bed, and the next day I was able to go to work and use my hand as usual."

Sloan's Liniment is an excellent anti-septic and germ killer—heals cuts, burns, wounds and contusions, and will draw the poison from stings of poisonous insects. 25c, 50c, and \$1.00. Sloan's book on horse, cattle, sheep and poultry diseases free. Address: Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

Hay's Hair-Health

Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to Its Natural Color and Beauty. Stops its falling out, and positively removes Dandruff. Is not a dye. Refuse all substitutes. 50c and 1.00. Bottles by Mail or at Druggists. Send 10c for large sample Bottle. Philo Hay Spec. Co., Newark, N. J., U. S. A.

For Asthma, Bronchitis and all Throat Troubles Take

PISO'S CURE

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR CROUPS AND COLDS. The relief is as quick as it is certain. Pleasant to take and guaranteed absolutely free from opiates. All Druggists, 25 cents.

BEGIN NEEDED WORK EARLY

In Japan the Training of Children is Started with the Great-Grand-mothers.

Babies in Japan—you've heard this, haven't you?—don't cry. A fairy tale, of course. Babies will be babies—even in Japan. Only in Nippon, when a baby does cry, nobody thinks that the world is coming to an end, says Adachi Kinoshita in the Deliberator.

This, also, is true—that when you put your American baby aside by side with ours, you will see a difference, just about such a difference as that between the city of Mukden which our soldiers saw while fighting through it, and the one seen by the newspaper men a week later.

With us in Japan, the baby is (supposed to be, at least) a work of art, not a manufacture; a work of art, too,

which calls for something more than the mere art of man; the graces of the gods as well. What really takes away the breath of the Japanese observer in America is not, as the American thinks in his innocence, the Grand Canyon of Arizona or the automobile rush of life down another grand canyon of brick and stone in lower Broadway. It is the off-hand, cheerful manner in which the Americans try to make their babies good—simply by heeding, for example, a Biblical suggestion made to the Jews

of a few thousand years ago (what a beautiful comment on the up-to-date genius of the American people!) about sparing of the rod! If the Japanese were to mother your children, they would start—if they only could—the good work in the days of your great-grandmothers. Nobody—nobody in Japan, at least—ever talks of more less attempts, making a first-rate acrobat in one generation. When Mr. Roosevelt takes up Jujitsu at the tender age of 45 all of us feel much flattered, but we do not

feel like running away from him in the hour of his anger. And we take the rearing of the child, the art of making of man, very much more seriously than the making of an athlete. Only, in the factory where man is made, we take a little more time than you do. We begin much earlier than you do. Having had the start of four or five generations of polite training, it would be strange indeed if our babies failed to come into life with a decided hereditary inclination for gentlemanly manners. Blood will tell.